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HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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## NORWICH AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

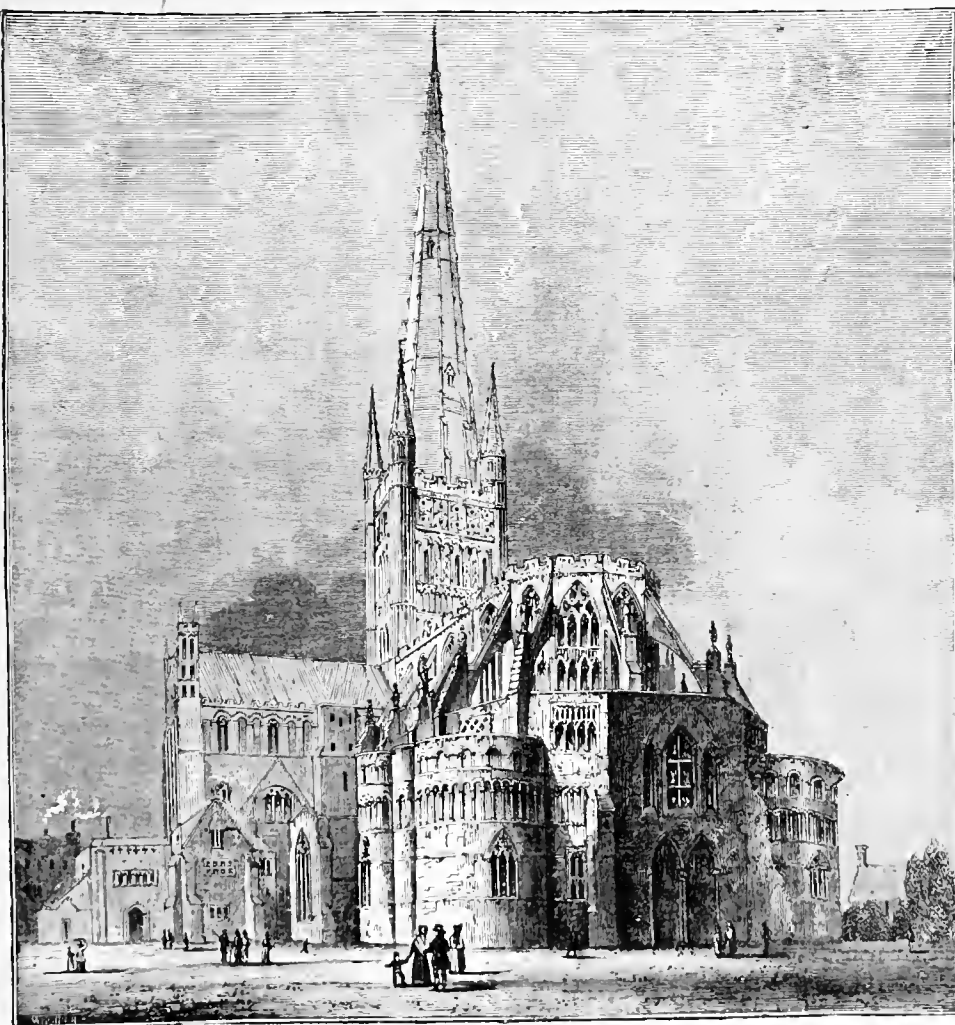
THE cathedral, a picture of which we to-day present to our readers, is situated in the city of Norwich, the capital of the county of Norfolk, England. This structure was founded in the year 1094, by Bishop Herbert Losinga, and is four hundred and eleven feet long, by one hundred and ninety one feet broad. The spire which rises from the middle of the roof, reaches the height of three hundred and fifteen feet.

The inside of the structure is composed of the usual gloomy rooms and dismal passages, which a false religion have taught men to construct, while the walls, arches and carvings begin to show the effects of time's ravages.

This edifice does not in the least agree with our present ideas of beauty. The Norman style of architecture in which it is built, has now grown out of date, and has been superseded by the more modern and beautiful styles.

In addition to this cathedral, Norwich possesses upward of forty regular churches and many chapels. Thus it would seem that the inhabitants, who number about eighty thousand, are well provided with places wherein to indulge in the worship of the Creator. Unfortunately, however, for the people, not one of these buildings was erected for the true and correct worship of the Almighty.

Norwich dates its origin from the year 446, A. D., when it is said to have been founded by the Romans. Subsequently it was seized by the Saxons and in the year 575, had risen to the dignity of the capital of East Anglia, a small kingdom. This position it retained until 1002, when it was captured by the Danish fleet and reduced to ashes. It was speedily rebuilt



and before many years elapsed had become a very important manufacturing town, a position which it still holds in the

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British dominions. The manufactures of this city are shawls, crape, light cotton goods, imitation French fabrics, gauzes, bombazines, etc. The looms employed in Norwich and its suburbs are estimated to number no less than fourteen thousand. In addition to the manufacture of the articles above named, shoemaking, iron-founding, tanning, dyeing and malting are carried on very extensively. By this means Norwich is yearly increasing in importance and wealth, and the constant flow of money derived from the sale of its manufactures into its coffers is causing what is now known as its suburbs to be rapidly built up.

## GRANDILOQUENCE.

BY W. J.

LANGUAGE, whether it be that of man or brute, has its proper use. But its proper use is not to hide desire—it is to express it; nor to mystify ideas, but to communicate them in simple phrases; not to render that ambiguous which should be unmistakably plain; but being the vehicle of thought and information, it should be used according to the best ability of the user, to express thought and impart knowledge, in the simplest and clearest possible manner, so that it cannot possibly be mistaken or misconstrued.

The purposes for which language is used, vary much. A certain youngster wishing to exhibit some wondrous scholastic acquirements, proceeded thus: "You see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents;" and was quietly taken off by the old lady thus: "Dear me, what wonderful improvements they do make! Now in my younger days, they just made a hole in each end and sucked."

Public instructors should certainly use language to accomplish and not defeat their own objects. What folly it is to attempt to teach, and use many words which are as Greek to the hearers! A clergyman, after delivering what he considered an eloquent discourse, asked one of his flock what he thought about it, and got this reply: "A fine sermon—very fine! But you put the fodder so high in the rack that the sheep could not reach it." What would be thought by common-sense folks, of the shepherd, who, when actually feeding his sheep, put the feed ten feet higher than they could reach? Yet that is what this learned shepherd did, speaking figuratively, and his sheep were not fed at all, although he was professing to feed them.

When the writer was a youth, he heard an Elder of this Church recite, a number of times, the words addressed to a boy hostler, and they are easily remembered. A pompous, self-important traveler drove up to an inn, and thus delivered himself: "Say, boy! Extricate this quadruped from the vehicle, stable and donate him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of morning appears illuminating the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your most amiable hospitality!" The boy stood aghast, and with eyes and mouth, as well as ears, wide open, exclaimed, as well as his remaining wits would allow him to do so: "Father! here's a Dutchman wants to see you!" Now, if he had simply said: "My boy, if you will please to unhitch this horse and feed him and take care of him, I will pay you

in the morning," no doubt the boy would have well understood what was wanted, and would have obliged the traveler, and that, too, without thinking he had a Dutchman to deal with.

Upon the subject of using simple, expressive language, a modern educator of youth writes in this manner: "Use simple, familiar, Anglo-Saxon words, in preference to those of Latin and French origin. The latter may seem finer and more high-sounding, but the former are stronger and more expressive, and you will be able to set forth more clearly in them what you have to say. If your thought is a great one, simple words will well befit it; and if it is trifling or commonplace, your grand phrases will only make it seem ridiculous. Father, mother, brother, sister, home, happiness, heaven; sun, moon, stars, light, heat; to sit, to stand, to go, to run, to stagger, are Anglo-Saxon words, and are used to express habitual actions, and to designate persons and objects familiar and dear to us. We may say in Latin-English, 'felicity attends virtue', but 'well-being arises from well-doing'—Saxon-English is a far better wording of the same idea. And mark the strength, expressiveness, and majestic movement of the following lines from Byron's 'Destruction of Sennacherib,' in which nearly all the words are Anglo-Saxon:

"For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts beat once more and forever lay still."

"The French and Latin elements of our language of course have their place and use, and cannot be left out; but the Anglo-Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk.

"Avoid equivocal and ambiguous words, technical terms, unless absolutely necessary, and, above all, low expressions and vulgarisms. A man is known almost as well by the words he uses as by the company he keeps. Choose both from among the best."

Many of the youth who will have the opportunity of reading this feeble attempt to instruct, will be favored with the invaluable privilege of preaching the gospel of eternal life to the honest of our race. They may have a fair knowledge of our native tongue, and be gifted to use it fluently. But, beware!

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring.  
Where shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking deeply sobers us again."

Young Elders are sometimes unwise enough to ape those who profess to be learned, and exhibit to simple rustics their ability to pile up words, and their lack of common sense at the same time. But, we repeat, beware! This is a flattering, seductive trick of his sable majesty. It is right to understand as much as possible, the proper meaning and use of all the words of the English language. It is very proper, too, to use choice, good language under all circumstances. We have no argument against this, but enjoin it continually. Assemblies differ in their abilities to understand. Persons in the same assembly differ in their power to comprehend the meaning of words. Wisdom is necessary—it is possible to put the fodder out of the reach of the sheep. And then, the Lord has but little to do with the grandiloquent style—especially when the preacher's object is to "awe the natives" with his high-sounding verbosity—except to teach him a life-long lesson of his own nothingness when acting the simpleton in the name of the Lord. Therefore, let the young learn the

meaning of words; learn their proper use; try to use good language; to use language suited to subjects, persons and occasions; and express your ideas in language that is simple, clear and forcible, and that can neither be misunderstood nor misconstrued.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

AT the discussion upon the question "Does the Bible sanction Polygamy?" between Dr. J. P. Newman and Elder Orson Pratt at Salt Lake City, August, 1870, Newman's associates arranged for the opening prayer each day to be offered by our side; that is, by one of Brother Pratt's friends, excepting at the last meeting. For some reason that was not understood at the time, Dr. Sunderland, who was Dr. Newman's companion, instead of leaving it to one of our friends to pray at the opening of that meeting, called upon one of his associates—Mr. Pierce, I think—to offer the opening prayer. This was his own arrangement, with which Brother Orson Pratt or his friends had nothing to do. Newman and his party were angry about it afterwards, and endeavored to make it appear that it had been pre-arranged by us to have the closing prayer to neutralize the effect of Dr. Newman's remarks, it being his turn to speak last. But this is untrue. Our side had nothing to do with making this arrangement. It was made by Newman's friends themselves, and was merely accepted by us. It was afterwards thought to be providential, for it furnished an opportunity to give relief to the pent up and excited feelings of the Saints.

Newman had evidently prepared himself to make an abusive attack upon the Latter-day Saints and their religion in this, his closing argument, thinking he could do so with impunity, because, under the terms of arrangement for the discussion, there would be no one to reply. In this way he thought he would deal the Latter-day Saints a telling blow and gain great credit to himself. He made the most of his opportunity; he displayed his finest oratory, and assailed with scorn and opprobrium our faith and practices. The audience was indignant. They felt that they were being intentionally insulted, and that the speaker was taking advantage of the courtesy that had been extended to him to abuse them. They would have shown their disapproval of his conduct by hissing him, had they not been restrained by President Brigham Young. They did commence to hiss; but he arose and used his influence to quiet them. Under these circumstances it would have been a great relief to them to have some speaker on our side follow Dr. Newman, and rebut his slanderous statements; but this was not possible. Fortunately, however, our side had the closing prayer. Providence had granted that privilege. But neither Dr. Newman nor his friends were satisfied with this arrangement by Providence. They accused us of having planned this. The reporter of the *New York Herald*, who accompanied Dr. Newman, reported the prayer as it was delivered, and sent it to that paper with the following preliminary remarks. We are indebted to that paper for the copy of the prayer which we publish, as our reporter did not take it down.

"Knowing that Dr. Newman's arguments had produced a powerful impression upon many persons in the audience, the Mormon authorities, under the pretence of having some religious

services, induced him to change the order of exercises, so that one of the Mormons would make the closing prayer. The Doctor's courtesy was taken advantage of to pronounce a judgment in favor of polygamy, which Apostle George Q. Cannon did by closing the proceedings with the following

### "REMARKABLE PRAYER:

"Our Father who art in heaven, we draw near to Thee at the close of this discussion and return unto Thee thanksgiving and gratitude for the privilege that we have had of assembling together in peace and quietness to listen to the discussion of this important question which has been proposed. We thank Thee, heavenly Father, for the peace which has prevailed, and for the large portion of Thy Holy Spirit which has been poured out. We thank Thee for the freedom which we enjoy; that under the liberty Thou hast granted unto us we can come together and listen to the enunciation of those principles which Thou hast revealed, and also listen patiently, and quietly, and without disturbance to those things that are antagonistic thereto. We beseech Thee, our heavenly Father, to pour out Thy Spirit upon this congregation, upon the congregations that have assembled here on previous days. Enlighten their minds, O Father, and enable them to distinguish between truth and error, between right and wrong, between that which Thou hast revealed and that which is displeasing in Thy sight, that they may be enabled to distinguish between him who serveth Thee and him who serveth Thee not. We praise Thee, our Father, for the revelations of our Lord, Jesus Christ. We thank Thee from the bottom of our hearts that we are not left to the vague opinions, and assumptions; and assertions of uninspired men; but that Thou hast, in Thy goodness and mercy, revealed Thyself from the heavens and bestowed the knowledge of Thy mind and will upon men, so that the humblest of Thy creatures may come unto Thee and ask concerning these doctrines which are in dispute, and concerning which Christendom is so divided, sect against sect, minister against minister, even churches themselves rent asunder concerning the varied opinions of Thy word. We pray Thee, O Father, to give unto us light and intelligence. We thank Thee that we are in this land of freedom; that we can welcome our friends and extend to them a liberty which has been denied to us; that they can come into our tabernacles and into our halls and plead their cause and oppose those principles which thou hast revealed, and none to molest them or make them afraid. Bestow that liberty upon us; make our feet fast in these mountains and enable us to triumph over the schemes of wicked men and the plottings and machinations of those who hate the liberty we enjoy, even as Thou hast done in the past—that we may be a free people, free to study Thy word, free to listen to the words of life and salvation, free to obey the gospel, free to do all that Thou hast required of us in the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; all of which we ask in His name, beseeching Thy peace upon us. Amen."—*New York Herald*, September 3rd, 1870.

In reading the prayer now there seems to be nothing particularly remarkable about it to call forth such comments as were made upon it. But at the time it was offered, there was a spirit accompanied it which all felt, both Saints and non-Saints. It was a relief to the feelings of the Saints; it was a cause of annoyance to Dr. Newman and his friends. They felt that their scheme had miscarried. They accepted the prayer as "a judgment in favor of polygamy." Dr. Newman was so displeased with it, that he let his anger get the better of his sense, and he rushed into print about it, and accused me in a little anti-"Mormon" sheet which was published in the city at that time, of having taken a cowardly advantage of him. Of course he did not view his own conduct as cowardly, in taking the advantage he did in his closing speech to abuse and vilify the people, and their religion, who had patiently and courteously given him a fair and dispassionate hearing, in their own tabernacle, while he attacked their religion!

Secretary Mann, who was the acting governor of the territory at the time, laughed very heartily at the manner in which the discussion closed. He said it reminded him of a legal case of which he had heard. It was a jury case that was tried before a justice of the peace. The justice was a deacon in some church, and one of the lawyers was a religious man and a member of the same church. The agreement between the justice and the two lawyers was that there was to be one argument only on each side before submitting the case to the jury. The religious lawyer made the opening argument, and was followed by the opposing counsel. The first lawyer did not like the effect of his opponent's arguments upon the jury; but what could he do, the agreement did not permit him to make another plea? It suggested itself to him, however, that he might reach the point in another way, so he proposed to the justice that, before submitting the case to the jury, he would like to offer a few words of prayer. The justice, pious soul, could not refuse such a request, and the lawyer prayed. In addressing the throne of grace he took up the arguments of his opponent and made the best reply he could to them. When he had finished, the other lawyer said this prayer was nothing more nor less than an argument to the jury, and demanded the right to reply to it. This the justice would not consent to. One argument apiece had been agreed upon, and one argument apiece they had made. This was all that could be permitted; *but if the lawyer wished to offer prayer, he said, he had no objection to listening to him.* Governor Mann said the lawyer could not pray, and he lost his case.

## THE PERFECTION OF OUR FACULTIES.

BY E. F. P.

(Concluded.)

IN the last number, but few of the perfections of our faculties were described. It would be impossible in this sketch to explain all the perfections of our earthly tabernacle. If we will carefully study the human system, we will find that all things connected with it work harmoniously, and every part performs its functions most perfectly. We will, however, examine a few more of the faculties with which we are blessed:

Speech is one of the most marvelous powers we possess.

The voice is produced by forcing air through the larynx, a kind of box at the upper end of the windpipe. Attached to the sides of the larynx are two cords, or reeds, that are set in motion by the force of the air, thus producing a sound, which can be modulated at will by the tongue, palate, teeth and lips. The most wonderful effects can be produced by the human voice. With it we can express all our ideas, our passions and emotions, or feelings. Besides being able to utter all the sounds of which human languages are composed, we can with the voice, imitate almost every sound in nature. But this is not the full extent of the powers of the human voice. The music that can be made by a person with a well cultivated voice is far superior to any that can be produced by the most perfect instruments made by man.

The higher tones of the voice are made by the cords in the larynx being stretched tight and brought closely together. A low tone is produced by relaxing the cords.

The average compass of the human voice is two octaves. All the intervening intervals of sound from the lowest to the highest, which are estimated to number about 240, can be produced by the vocal cords of a male person being varied one-fifth of an inch in length, and those of a female only one-eighth of an inch. Therefore, to change from one interval to the next one to it, the variation in the length of the vocal cords of a man will only be a twelve-hundredth part of an inch.

In conclusion we will examine the most wonderful of the human organs—the brain.

One would naturally suppose that the mechanism of the brain was the most intricate and complicated. But, strange as it may seem, it consists of eighty per cent. water and some fibres and tissues composed of white and gray substances. What is still more strange, it is itself without feeling, while it is the center of all our senses.

The brain is divided into halves, so that it is possible to use it for two purposes at the same time, although not with as good advantage as when both parts act in unison. The fore-part of the brain is the seat of the mind. Although the brain appears so simple, its delicacy and capability of receiving impressions are truly marvelous. On the gray matter, of which our brains are partly composed, all our acts, words and thoughts are indelibly recorded. The impressions of everything we have heard, read or seen, are stamped there. We may forget them, but they are still there, and will remain through life. Every person, therefore, keeps his own record of his life.

The back part of the brain is that by which the muscles are controlled. To it are attached the spinal column and the controlling nerves. By this arrangement the brain proper is relieved as it were from the minor duties of managing the movements of the body. There is a wonderful providence in this: for if the brain had to attend to all the movements of the body it would not be possible to live. We would find that every act would require all our thought. The mere act of standing upon our feet would occupy the whole attention of the mind, and the moment our attention was turned to something else we would fall. So it would be with every other act. But as it is we are able to do many things at the same moment. We can walk, converse and think, and at the same time have our hands and eyes occupied.

All our actions, which at first require attention, in the course of time by constant practice become habitual to us. Our nerves, after continual training, perform their duties involuntarily. Thus, if we touch a hot stove with our hand we suddenly withdraw it before we have time to think about it. We instinctively close our eyes at a threatened blow. We are startled at the sudden appearance of an object before we have time to see what it is. And many other things we perform through force of habit without the consciousness of the mind. Our mind is thus left free to attend to other matters that require special attention.

All the youth of these valleys should endeavor to get some knowledge of their own bodies, and of the wonderful workmanship of which they are composed. By so doing they will be better able to appreciate the value of health and of the possession of unimpaired faculties; and they will be more careful in preserving them from injury. By being ignorant of the consequences, we are apt to commit acts that will cripple our senses for life. Hence how necessary it is, in order to gain happiness, to learn how to take care of our mortal tabernacles! We should also learn all we can of the laws of nature and of all the works of God. The study of these things, besides



being very interesting, will, if pursued properly, have a tendency to strengthen our faith in the Almighty. Truly it is the fool, and none other but a fool, who has said in his heart there is no God. Every living being upon the earth is an evidence of the fact that there is a Creator; and when a man says that there is no God, he denies his own existence.

## HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

*(Continued from page 164.)*

ON the 15th of February, company B. of the battalion was ordered to take charge of the Fort at San Diego, which it did, separating from the other companies. This company remained three months at San Diego, during which time they built several houses, dug fifteen or twenty wells, made picket fences, etc. Some of the men also built and burned a large brick kiln, which was said to be the first in California. With those bricks a Court House and school house were built in San Diego by the men of the company. These were the first houses built of burnt brick at that place. When they were completed the citizens made a feast, and a great parade was made over them. Besides these works, the men did much carpenter work for the people, and the course they pursued secured them many friends, and when they moved from there, they did so amid general regret. Notwithstanding the country was full of cattle, and wheat was abundant in some places, provisions were but scantily furnished to the men and considerable dissatisfaction was felt in consequence.

On the 19th of March, the battalion, with the exception of an officer and thirty-four men, who remained for the defense and protection of the post of San Luis Rey, marched to the town of Los Angeles. They could not get quarters in the town and they encamped outside.

On the 6th of April, the officer and men who had been left at San Luis Rey, joined the main body.

Among the duties assigned to the battalion while at Los Angeles were the guarding of the Cajon Pass of the Sierra Nevada mountains—forty-five miles east of Los Angeles—to prevent the passage of hostile Indians, who frequently made raids on the adjacent ranches for the purpose of driving off stock; also the erection of a fort on a small eminence which commanded the town. General Kearney visited the camp and inspected the battalion. He expressed himself as being much gratified with the appearance of the men and praised their conduct. A feeling of jealousy was entertained by many of the men belonging to other commands against the battalion, because of the favor and encomiums bestowed upon them by the officers. Colonel Fremont's men were credited with having very hostile feelings towards the battalion, and with having threatened to attack them. Fremont was rebellious and would not submit to Kearney, and the latter depended upon the battalion, it was said, to aid him in case of an open quarrel with Fremont.

One night the battalion was aroused from slumber and ordered to load and prepare to resist the attack of an enemy. The attack was expected from Fremont's men; but it proved to be a false alarm.

On the 29th of June, about three hundred men of the battalion were under arms in the public square at Los Angeles, and Colonel Stevenson tried to induce them, or at least one company, to re-enlist. He promised them that they

should have the election of their own major and other officers, and that they should be discharged with one year's pay the ensuing February, at any place they wished in California. He also said that a detachment should be sent to meet their families to carry what means they wished to send to them. Some of the officers were very much in favor of the men re-enlisting, and recommended this course to them; but several of the non-commissioned officers and men were opposed to re-enlistment, and their views prevailed.

On the 16th of July, all of the battalion in Los Angeles were mustered out of service, the time of their enlistment having expired, by Captain Smith, of the 1st Dragoons. They had served the full time of their service faithfully, and had experienced the truth of the predictions made to them by President Young when they enlisted. He had promised them that if they would be faithful to their God, they would not be required to fight. The fighting would be before and behind them; but they would not have to take part in it. These words had been literally fulfilled. They had done their duty as required by their commanding officers, had been brought face to face almost with the enemy, but had been spared the necessity of shedding blood or of running the risk of having their own blood shed.

These brethren had been called upon to enlist and leave their families and friends in the wilderness in destitute circumstances. They did so cheerfully, believing that by so doing they would be the means of averting evil from Zion. They endured severe hardships and great privations, accomplished one of the most formidable marches ever performed by infantry, and were greatly blessed of the Lord. Their names will be held in honorable remembrance among the Saints, and when the early history of this dispensation shall be written for the perusal of future generations, the enlistment, march and services of the battalion will call forth their admiration, their example will be held up for imitation, and their posterity will be proud of the distinction of having an ancestor who was a member of that body.

The 20th of July, the members of the late battalion organized, preparatory to returning to their homes and families, as a traveling camp, and appointed Levi Hancock, David Pettegrew, Reddick N. Allred, John Lytle and James Pace, captains of fifties and Elisha Averett, captain of ten pioneers.

We have given you a sketch of the travels of the battalion up to the time of its discharge. We shall have more to say concerning the travels and labors of its members as we proceed with this history; but we now return to the Church at Winter Quarters.

President Young and the Twelve Apostles, and other Elders, were diligent in laboring among the people during the Winter, and a spirit of reformation prevailed in the camp. Meetings were frequently held, and they were well attended. The weather was cold; but great exertions had been made by the Saints to provide shelter for themselves. The widows and fatherless were cared for, and pains were taken to supply the families of the brethren who had gone in the battalion with what they needed. A large portion of the people erected log houses as residences. Many availed themselves of the slope of the hill, on the side of which a part of Winter Quarters was laid out, to construct "dug-outs" as dwellings. By "dug-outs" we mean cellars, the entrance to which being made on the lower side, enabled those who occupied them to go in and out without having to use many steps, and when properly roofed in were not very uncomfortable dwellings dur-

ing steady cold weather. Provisions could not be obtained in great variety. The principal diet of the people that Winter was corn-bread and pork. In many instances these articles were not very plentiful. Corn and pork were bought in Missouri, and frequent trips were made from the camp to that state during the Winter to obtain the necessary supplies.

There were but few grist mills in the part of the state where the grain was bought, and there was great difficulty, therefore, in getting grinding done. At Winter Quarters wheat was frequently boiled whole and thus eaten, and many families subsisted for weeks on corn ground in hand mills. The meal of corn thus ground was not as smooth and pleasant eating as the meal we now get from our grist mills; but hunger furnished the appetite to make it palatable and digestible. We presume that those, at least, who did the grinding never failed to enjoy the bread and mush cooked from their grists.

In those days a person who owned a good hand mill was considered a very fortunate individual. We patronized one owned by Brother John Van Cott, who very generously let his neighbors use it freely and without taking any toll. We have met with some people in our travels in the world who would not have failed to avail themselves of such an opportunity of making profit; for their mode of reasoning was that an article or service of any kind was worth all it would bring: the greater the demand, the higher the price to be paid; the scarcity of the article enhancing its value. But in those days the spirit of gain was not common among the Saints. They were fellow-sufferers from mobocracy, and the scenes they had shared in common caused them to have a sympathy one for another that under more favorable circumstances might have remained dormant.

## NIGHT SCENES IN A GREAT CITY.

BY KENNON.

(Continued from page 167.)

On arriving, Flynn and I had dismounted and he had given the team in charge of a policeman with whom he was apparently on intimate terms. As soon as the ladders were thrown against the building, my companion crowded to the front, saying, "Something important here! Wait for me." He approached a group of people standing at the truck—who all seemed to be in a state of doubt. I overheard him ask, "What's the matter?"

The answer came from a pale, somewhat aged man, who spoke with great feeling and agitation: "I am wanting to go into my house, but these firemen will not consent. All the people are safely out, but there remains something which is little less valuable than life to me, the complete manuscript of a book which I have been laboring at for fifteen years."

"Which room is it in?" demanded Flynn.

"This one," pointing to the window at the top of the ladder, "my study—just in the desk near the window!"

Flynn spoke brusquely: "I'll get it. Clear the way there boys; I'm at home in this business."

The clergyman searched vainly for the key to the secretary; but my reckless companion did not wait. He had caught a rubber coat and helmet from one of the waiting "fire-laddies,"

put them on, and was running up the ladder with the agility of a monkey, by the time the old gentleman exclaimed in a despairing tone, "It's no use, the key is lost!"

Reaching the window, Flynn gave it one vigorous kick and opened an easy passage. He rested on the sill an instant and peered inward. The inspection was evidently not altogether hopeless, for he sprang into the room after waving his hand—I fancied it might have been in adieu to myself. By the light I saw him move about in the room. Then sometimes he was enveloped in smoke; and once he ran to the window and leaned out as if gasping for air. Instead of coming down he vanished again after a breathing space. A moment later he re-appeared dragging something after him.

The minister shouted joyfully, "He's got it. It's the desk." Flynn yelled, "Heads below!" and raising the heavy desk to the window-sill he pushed it out. It fell with a crash to the pavement, and was splintered into match-wood. Before it had ceased cracking from its fall, the excited author was tearing at it with nervous fingers seeking to disinter his precious manuscript. When he succeeded, he hugged it to his bosom, gave one great sob of delight and cried, "Where is that noble young man? Let me reward him."

As soon as the desk was pitched out, my friend jumped to the ladder, and sliding down without stepping on the rounds, was soon at my side. The old gentleman's cry did not escape him; but he did not wait to be thanked. He grasped my arm and dragged me through the crowd of people who followed him with an approving gaze to the wagon.

Then to my intense astonishment he said to the policeman—after thanking him for his service—"Say, Ricord, that aged individual seems bound to reward somebody for saving that book which he proposes to inflict on an unoffending public. It's my opinion that the man who risked his life to rescue the manuscript ought to have lost it. But if my theological friend should prove inconsolable without the privilege of rewarding his benefactor, just tell him that you know the misguided youth and that he is Jack Curtis, of 83, M—street diver of Metropolitan Milk Company's wagon 47. You understand."

"All right!" shouted the officer as we drove away.

Flynn stared straight ahead, but I turned to look at the fire. Both church and parsonage were almost destroyed. It was clear that no considerable portion of either could be saved, and almost equally clear that no other building was in much danger.

Away from the light of the fire, the dawn began to show cheerfully in the East. There was a hum as of swarming bees. The day had begun in the city, and as Flynn remarked, "night-prowlers had no business to be out."

"Why," continued he, "if we don't retire soon, I shall actually see the sun rise; an act of shamelessness that I have not been guilty of these six months."

I wanted to ask some explanation of his effort to escape the gratitude of the clergyman; but I thought I saw his motive and delicacy commanded silence. In ten minutes we joined Jack at the appointed spot. He said simply, "Thank you Mr. Flynn," as he moved to his place which we had vacated and took the reins and his account book and tickets. He was just driving away, when his benefactor called out, "I say, Jack! There was a fire up the street and your wagon was seen there. In fact the driver became briefly notorious by climbing into the second story window of a parsonage, and smashing a fine desk belonging to the minister. Now if any-

body comes to you about the matter, just acknowledge that it was yourself, will you. My aunt in Brooklyn would disinherit me if she were ever to hear that I had been out at four o'clock in the morning driving a milk wagon, and damaging a clergyman's property at a fire. Just save me this time, will you, Jack, and take all the blame upon yourself? There's a good fellow, and I'll see that you don't get into any serious difficulty."

"Of course I'll own up to it, sir. I'd do more than that to save you. Don't bother your head any more about it. If they come to me, I'll say, yes, Jack Curtis did it; and further, sir, I'll abide the consequences."

Flynn laughed softly as we walked home to our lodgings. "Jack is a fine young man, with a generous heart. How quickly he took the bait! I only hope that the doctor of divinity will find some other punishment for Jack than to merely present him with an author's copy of the book."

When we reached the house, I was utterly exhausted. But I was glad to say "yes" when Flynn asked me if I would take another trip in some other direction the second night following. Then we separated, and I went to bed to think and to toss restlessly, and finally to dream the most wonderful jumble. I thought that Flynn and Maggie were being married, and that the grateful clergyman, who performed the ceremony, read a most beautiful service out of his manuscript which the bridegroom had saved. That Captain Conlisk, Stevedore Hyde with Mrs. Hyde and the little Hydies, Policeman Ricord and myself were all milk cans filled with "kindness" and each carrying a loaf of French bread under a tin arm; that we danced a milk can cotillion interrupted only by our offer of a drink and crust to the happy pair around whom we circled; and that Flynn's aunt and Jack Curtis were united in throwing a constant succession of parsons desks out of the window, declaring all the time "We'll abide the consequences."

## A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY DON CÆSAR.

ONE evening I attended service at the M. E. church in the little town of D—. Being a traveling Elder, it was a matter of curiosity which prompted me to attend, rather than any desire to worship at their altar, as it is difficult for me to reconcile my feelings to worshiping with the so-called Christian world, since they have changed the ordinances of the gospel, lost the power of the Priesthood, broken the everlasting covenant, denied the power of God, and only retained a *form* of godliness.

When, however, I see a manifestation of filial regard and love, I cannot withhold my admiration of it, let it be where it will, in the midst of the Saints of God, the Christian world, or among the savages who inhabit the dreary wilderness. There is such tenderness, so much power in that love which exists between a son and his mother, that challenges our regard, let it come from what quarter it may.

I witnessed the power of a mother over her son in the meeting to which I have referred. The minister had exhausted his oratorical powers, the choir had sung its sweetest and most soul-stirring songs, the older members had worn themselves out in their most earnest prayers, in trying to induce a bright youth of about nineteen Summers, in whose face shone the light of more than ordinary intelligence, to bow at the

mourner's bench; but all in vain. His head was held erect. Around his mouth there played a smile of scorn. The knees were stubborn—they refused to bend.

From the opposite side of the house a lady arose; she was in the afternoon of life, and on her face such an anxiety and sorrow that it gave one the heart-ache to behold it. She approached the stubborn one, and taking his hand in hers looked into his eyes, and began to talk to him in low tones. The proud, erect head soon bowed; the smile of scorn died away—another moment and he was kneeling with his mother at the altar. What eloquence, song and prayer could not do, a mother's influence quickly accomplished.

As I saw them kneeling there, my mind wandered back to the time when I was a thoughtless youth—with no fixed purpose in life—I remembered how a mother's influence induced me to learn a trade, against my own natural inclination. Again, when I had formed associations that were by no means good, and the road to ruin was most surely being trod—I remember that it was through a mother's influence that I was induced to turn away from the evil.

One evening when the Summer was waning into Autumn, I visited my mother. She spoke of her hopes and fears concerning me, how much she thought depended upon my conduct, how I might be a savior in my father's house—since I was the only male representative in my father's family that was in the Church. This, however, at first made but little impression upon me, for I was thoughtless indeed; but when she spoke of the sorrow it gave her to see me take the downward road, when she spoke of the self-denial she had submitted to in order to bring her family to Zion—for she had to struggle through it all alone—it was more than I could resist; and that night, as I walked in the beautiful moonlight to the home of my employer, I made a solemn covenant that I would turn from my wayward course, and cause my mother no more grief. I was determined that as she passed into the "sear and yellow-leaf of life" she should call me blessed.

The resolution was made none too soon. That very night I met a party of old associates on their way to melon patches, not their own, and, of course, they hailed me with delight, and gave me an invitation to accompany them, which I declined, saying, at the same time, "Boys, we have gone too far in these matters, the road we are journeying upon leads to disgrace. I shall turn a short corner right here; you would do well to come to the same conclusion." This was received with sneers and jests, which were hard to bear, but still I persevered in my good determinations.

Eight years have passed since then, and four of the party whom I met on the night spoken of, have been in the penitentiary: the writer is now on his second mission—I was rescued by a mother's influence. In conclusion let me say:

"The mother in her office, holds the key of the soul:  
And she it is who stamps the coin of character."

THE PRIZES OF LIFE.—Life has a prize for every one who will open his heart to receive it, though it may be a very different one from the spirit of his early dreams. "There is no greater mistake," says a thoughtful writer, "in contemplating the issues of life, than to suppose that baffled endeavors and disappointed hopes bear no fruits, because they do not bear those particular fruits which were sought and sighed for."

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1883.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



It is impossible for us to travel through the territory and visit the various settlements without being deeply impressed with the favorable conditions that surround the people. Ours is a desert land, one which requires incessant toil to subdue, and it might be thought that in such a land poverty and perhaps suffering would abound. But what are the facts? In no

other part of these United States are there so many cozy, comfortable, and happy homes as are to be found in this territory; not alone in Salt Lake City, but even in the remote settlements far removed from the centers of trade. In nearly every instance these homes are owned by their occupants. They own the soil of which their gardens and orchards are formed, and they also own the houses and out-buildings, and in this

respect are comparatively independent. They have no fear of some tyrannical and exacting landlord knocking at the door and demanding rent or threatening them with an execution if they do not pay promptly. However humble the dwelling may be, they at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it is their own.

We have had for a number of years a yearly accession, varying from two to three thousand, of inexperienced emigrants, some of whom have come from the old world, and others from the old settled parts of the United States. These are absorbed in the community without the least difficulty. It might be thought with such a mass of inexperienced people coming into a community like ours that destitution and want would follow, and that pauperism would be somewhat common. The facts are, however, that after a large company of Saints have arrived here they find so quickly places of employment and of settlement that there is scarcely anything to be seen on the surface to indicate their accession to the population. This is a very remarkable feature, because in no other part of the United States, where there is no larger population than ours, could such numbers of inexperienced, and in many instances poor people be added to the population without it being very visible on every hand.

There is a disposition among our people from the President of the Church down through all the Church to render kindly aid and assistance to the brethren and sisters who come from afar and to encourage them in every way possible. That they do receive this encouragement, support and help is very evident from the fact that no suffering is known in the land. There are none that we know anything of who are destitute of food or shelter.

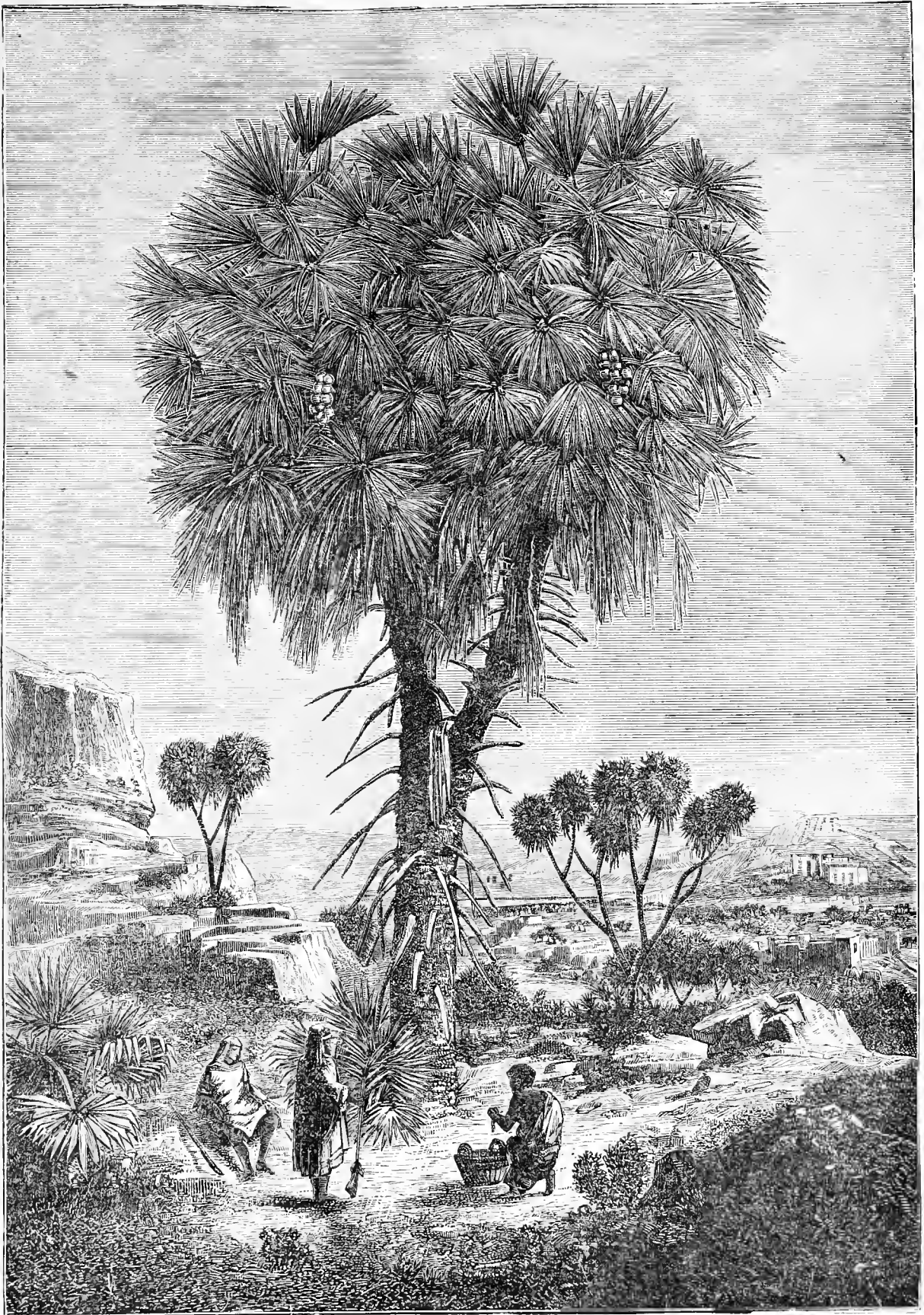
Those of the Saints who resided at Illinois can remember that provision of every kind was exceedingly cheap there at the time the Saints inhabited Nauvoo. Corn was frequently sold for ten cents a bushel, and many farmers were glad to get a market for that produce at that price; in fact we have seen it sold

for five cents a bushel. Meat, chickens, eggs, butter, flour, and all other products were in proportion. All farm produce was low, and it was difficult for the farmer to exchange the produce of his farm even for store pay, and much less for cash. Yet though provisions were thus cheap, and it might be thought easily procured because of their cheapness, there was then more suffering among the Saints for the want of food than there ever has been in Utah territory since the first two years of its settlement. Corn, as we have said, could be had for ten cents a bushel, but the difficulty was to get the ten cents. This may seem strange, yet there are doubtless many parents of our juveniles who have a full and clear recollection of the truth of our statement. One reason for this was that we were not so perfectly organized then as we have been since. The Latter-day Saints had just been driven from their homes in Missouri and had settled in Nauvoo despoiled of almost everything. While in this condition the emigration commenced to flow in from Europe. Circumstances were not so favorable to the people then as they are to the same class at the present time in these valleys. It was also a sickly place for several years. It was not an uncommon thing for at least one person in every household, and frequently even more, to be stricken with some kind of malarious disease in the Fall of the year—with fever and ague, chills and fever, bilious and intermittent fevers, etc. In these mountains we have had a climate unsurpassed for healthiness. The Lord has given wisdom to the leaders of His people to organize them in a way that was not possible previous to our advent here, and though our land is not so fertile in some respects as the land from which we were driven, still the healthiness of the climate has enabled men to perform a much greater amount of labor and the results of their toil have been more satisfactory.

We never travel either in the suburbs of Salt Lake City or anywhere through our settlements without having feelings of admiration and thanksgiving drawn forth in contemplating the goodness of God in bringing us to this land. The children of this community should appreciate their birthplace, for there is no land superior to it in grand and magnificent scenery, in healthiness, and in everything almost that makes a country desirable; our pure air so limpid and transparent that objects can be seen at an incredible distance; our glorious sunsets, which are not surpassed by those of Italy; our sublime mountains, lifting their snow-capped peaks to the skies; and the crystal streams which flow down from their rocky canyons; all these are features that are possessed but by few lands. We should appreciate these blessings, for this is a land that is admirably adapted as the home of a free people.

ARAB MODE OF TRACING FOOTSTEPS.—The Arab who has applied himself diligently to this study, for it is only to be acquired by long practice, can generally ascertain, by inspecting the impression—1. Whether the footsteps belong to his own or to some neighboring tribe, and consequently whether friend or foe has passed; 2. He knows from the slowness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not; 3. From the strength or faintness of the trace, whether he passed on the same day or one or two days before; and 4. From a certain regularity of intervals between the steps, a Bedouin judges whether the man is fatigued or not, and hence he can calculate the chance of overtaking him.





THE DOOM PALM OF UPPER EGYPT. (*See page 218*).

## PALM TREES.

CONSIDERABLE has been told from time to time in the pages of the INSTRUCTOR about palm trees. They have also been often represented in connection with eastern and tropical scenes. Our readers are somewhat familiar with the appearance of these trees generally. No doubt many have seen and tasted the fruits of some species of the palm, such as the cocoa-nut and the date.

There are many varieties of palms, which differ from each other in form and in the character of their fruit. Some are tall slender trees, reaching from the height of twenty-five to sixty feet without a single branch, and terminating with a tuft of very large leaves, among which the fruit grows. Others, such as the rattan, have more flexible stems, which twine about and climb over the trees and bushes in the forests and jungles where they grow. The stems of this latter class attain to a very great length, often measuring from one thousand to one thousand eight hundred feet.

It would be impossible to here describe the vast number of varieties of the palm family, for there are at least five hundred different species known.

The tree shown in the picture is called the doom palm. It differs from most other palms in throwing out branches from all parts of its trunk. This tree is found in Upper Egypt and the central parts of Africa, where it grows in forests and sometimes in the sandy deserts. The fruit, which is about as large as an orange, is used for food. A beverage is also made from it. Beads and other ornaments are made from the hard, semi-transparent seed.

It is wonderful how many uses are made of the palm. From the trunk of the tree, houses are built, and many other things are made. The wood of some is very hard and beautiful, and is used for ornamental purposes. A kind of beverage is made from the sap by fermenting it. Sugar is also obtained from the fresh sap by boiling it down; and from some species a kind of wax is obtained. The core or heart of the stem, which in some kinds of palm trees is soft, affords an article of food. Then the leaves can be utilized in various ways. Fans are made of them and they are employed extensively for covering houses and sometimes for writing upon. From the fibres of the leaves, the leaf-stocks and the rind of the fruit, such articles as mats, cloth, ropes, nets and brushes are manufactured. The fruit, which is relished as food, in some species yields a kind of oil which is valuable. The stem of the rattan palm is made into walking sticks, etc., and when split up is used for making rope, wicker-work and several other articles. It is used to a considerable extent for making chair backs and seats, and is known among us as "cane."

There are numerous other uses to which the palm is put. In fact there is no part of the tree but what is utilized in some way or another. Many of the wild tribes of the human family depend almost entirely upon the palm tree to supply their wants.

Without doubt the many varieties of palm are the most useful trees that grow; especially are they beneficial to the semi-civilized and savage races of mankind. Without the palm tree it would be almost impossible for many such peoples to live.

Our domestic behavior is the main test of our virtue and good nature.

## AMBITION.

BY HAGOTH.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

TO be ambitious is to have a desire to be great, to excel, and to gain superiority over our companions. We are all ambitious and it is right that we should be, but we should cultivate true ambition, for like many things it can be over done. I think it was Paul that said, "If a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let every man prove his own work and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone and not in another."

How often do we see the intelligent and talented spoil their own usefulness by over-estimating their abilities! Life's journey is perilous and uncertain and it is very necessary that every step should be taken with care and consideration, otherwise we are liable to lose our footing and be hurled to destruction.

Often have I noticed the giant oak crowning the top of some high hill and sending its branches far above its fellows towards the sky. Proud it seemed as it stood there, monarch of all, but an evil hour came: clouds gathered, the thunders rolled, the lightning flashed, the tree was suddenly rent asunder, its branches torn from it and its heart pierced. Silently it fell in the midst of the forest to rise no more. So it is with those who have not true ambition. Slowly and gradually they rise until they gain an ascendancy over their fellow men, and thinking their foundations sure they commence to over-reach their authority, and take from men the rights and liberties God has given them. They trample under foot the principles of truth and justice. But retribution comes; they fall and are soon forgotten.

Nebuchadnezzar looked upon his beautiful city and said: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" When immediately there fell a voice from heaven, saying, "The kingdom is departed from thee and they shall drive thee from among men and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts," and the same hour it was fulfilled. So also with Belshazzar, the king, in the midst of his rejoicing and fancied safety "Tekel upharsin" was written on the wall—"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting;" and that same night he was slain and his kingdom given to the Persians. Haman thought to destroy and was himself destroyed.

In our day men are not unlike they were in former days. Judge Lewis of Idaho went to that territory with the avowed purpose of ridding that territory of all polygamists. All that could be done was done to dissuade him from his purpose. He was unmoved. He cared not for the pain and suffering his proceedings would bring upon the people. At last a telegram came, saying, "Your resignation is accepted." Thus was his evil crusade frustrated. Judge McKean and others of our territorial officials have had similar experiences. Even President Garfield—though he had taken an oath to sustain the constitution—in his address showed his desire to trample it under foot.

Let us all be ambitious, but let us ever be controlled by the principles of justice and humanity, keeping in mind that God has created all men equal in liberty, and that men have inalienable rights which cannot be interfered with, and that all who attempt it will fall.

## ABSURDITIES OF INFIDELITY.

BY J. H. W.

IN the life of many young men there is a period of skepticism. Then he is extremely liable to doubt. Then the young man questions all his previous convictions, challenges all his accepted opinions, and is in danger of drifting aimlessly on the wide tossing sea of unbelief, the sport of every wind of doctrine, the easy prey of every theory conceived by the ingenious brain of man.

At this period his faith in God and man is liable to be swept away through a misconception of the real teachings of science, and the example of those who seek to excuse their wicked lives under the specious plea of unbelief. This period of skeptical tendency comes early in life, frequently when the young man is in college or in the schools of science, when he begins to think and act for himself. It is intelligent, earnest young men of brains and capacity who are in especial danger from the skepticism of the age.

Many of these young men have been trained in the Sabbath school, but at nineteen or twenty a change comes over them. They feel the strength and vigor of awakening manhood, and that impatience of authority which is characteristic of young men, in this formative period of life. He hears of men of learning who reject religion; he reads now and then a magazine full of doubts and insinuations, and he begins to feel that all his belief is simply the result of his education, and that under other circumstances he might have been a Confucian, a Buddhist, or a Mahometan. Perhaps he meets with a tolerably educated but skeptical friend, who tells him in effect, that religion is a fraud, that the Bible is a very good book, to be sure, but destitute of divine authority. He tells him in a word that these things may do for women and children to believe, but as for himself, he has put away all such belief along with his childish toys.

Our young man listens to all his flippant nonsense with itching ears, until, at length, he pretends to believe the world was made by chance, is governed by chance and all things that exist are only the effect of chance.

But there is a comical side to this question, as well as to many others. Prof. Agassiz wisely observes that, "men frequently talk very learnedly, of what they know but very little," and I know of nothing more irresistibly ludicrous than to see one of these so-called scientific skeptics, who scarcely knows the difference between the leg of a wasp and the horn of a beetle, and yet will assume to patronize the Almighty and talk about progress and culture, as though he was the most remarkable prodigy of the age in which he lives.

It is enough to disgust an honest man, to see some of these literary fops going along with Darwin's works under one arm and a case of trans-fixed grasshoppers and butterflies under the other, talking about Huxley's "protoplasm" and "natural selection" and "nebular hypothesis" and "biogenesis" and "abigensis" all the while lisping with an "exquithit lithp" and indicating by word, tone and gesture that all who dissent from their opinions are grossly ignorant and scarcely worthy of their notice.

But the greatest joke is that the scientists which they so much admire do not agree. Darwin is charging at Lamarch, Wallace spearing Cope, and Herschel denouncing Ferguson. How many colors in a ray of sun-light? Seven, says Newton; only three, says David Brewster. How high above the earth is the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light? Two and a half

miles, says Prof. Lias; one hundred and sixty-five, says Prof. Tumming. La Place says the moon was not put in the right place, it should have been four times as far away, while Prof. Lionville comes up just in time and gives us the wonderful information (?) that the Creator was acquainted with His business and fixed it exactly right.

How far is the sun from the earth? Less than a million miles says Zadkiel; seventy-six millions of miles, says La-Caille; eighty-two millions, says Humboldt; ninety millions, says Henderson; one hundred and four millions, says Mayer. Only a slight difference of one hundred and three millions of miles, or a good deal farther than a person could travel, at the rate of fifty miles per hour, during the next two centuries, if he could live that long. And yet amidst all this confusion and contradiction we are coolly asked to give up the words of inspiration and hang our hopes of the future on the miserable vagaries of self-contradicting philosophers.

Another very ludicrous as well as amusing instance of the folly of infidelity is the fact that skeptics will catch at almost anything upon which to hang their faith. All around us, in every grade of society are to be found men who will tell us that Vedas and Shasters of the Hindoos are far more trustworthy than the writings of Moses, Isaiah, Paul, Nephi, or Joseph. They will tell you what sublime philosophers Brahma and Confucius were, while at the same time they have never read a word of their doctrines or even seen a volume of their works. All they know is what some other truth-hating infidel has told them.

But for the sake of argument let us glance at some of these wonderful writings. Socrates, one of the greatest of heathen philosophers, admits, "We must of necessity wait till some one from Him, who careth for us, shall come and instruct us how to behave toward God and toward man."

Plato declares, "We cannot know of ourselves what will be pleasing to God; it is necessary that a lawgiver should be sent from heaven to instruct us." And he further adds, "Oh how greatly do I long to see that man!" *Plato's Republic, Book iv and vi.*

Who has not felt sad at the dying words of Socrates, "I am going out of the world and you are to continue in it, but which of us has the better part is a secret to all but God." Nor is the philosophy of India any better. A few years ago when through the labors of Oriental scholars, the Vedas and Shasters of the Hindoos were translated and printed in European languages, a great shout went up from the army of infidels. "Here," said they, "is the true chronology. Henceforth the Jewish records must hide their heads." Accordingly the Shasters were for a time in high repute among those who knew very little about them.

Now when we remember that these much-vaunted histories profess to reach back through *ma-ha-yugs* or epochs of 4,320,000 of our years, that a thousand of these epochs makes a *kalpa* or one day of the life of Brahma—the nights being of the same duration—and that his life consists of one hundred years of such days and nights, we may easily see the absurdity of these histories. In these works are also the records of the seven great continents of the world, separated by seven rivers and seven chains of mountains, four hundred thousand miles high, and the history of the families of their kings, one of whom had ten thousand sons, another sixty thousand, who were born in a pumpkin, nourished in pans of milk reduced to ashes by the curse of a demon and restored to life by the waters of the Ganges. These records give statements of wonderful eclipses, comets and deluges, seven of

which covered the earth not merely to the top of these wonderfully high mountains, but reaching even to the polar star. Yet infidels have the assurance to quote these as standard works of undoubted authority, and worthy of the credence of intelligent beings. (*Duff's India*, page 127.)

Nor are the promises of the future life any less absurd than the foregoing. "Tell me," said a wealthy Hindoo, who had given all his wealth to the Brahmins who surrounded his dying bed, that he might obtain a pardon of his sins, "what shall become of my soul when I die?" The priest replied, "Your soul will go into the body of a holy cow." "And after that?" he asked again. "It will pass into the body of a divine peacock." "And after that?" "It will pass into a flower." "Where, O, where will it go last of all?" cried the dying man. "Where will it go last of all Ah! that is the question."

While British infidels were admiring the sacred writings of the Hindoos, and holding them up before the world as superior to the word of God, French skeptics were busy in a similar employment. When Napoleon invaded Egypt, in 1798, he took with him a large corps of scientific men. In the ceiling of a temple at Dendera, in Upper Egypt, some of these scientists discovered a stone tablet covered with strange characters. These characters, it was concluded, were a representation of the relative positions of the sun, moon and stars, at the time the temple was built; and, calculating backwards, it was found that this could not be less than seventeen thousand years ago. This tablet was taken from the ceiling of the temple and carried away to France, and placed in the national library in Paris. Hundreds of thousands came to see the antediluvian monument, and infidel commentators were never wanting to inform them, that this remarkable stone proved the whole Bible to be a series of lies. One of the discoverers, afterwards a professor in the University of Breslau, published a pamphlet, entitled, "Invincible proof that the earth is at least ten times older than is taught by the Bible." During the next thirty years, scores of such publications followed; and the base slander received many additions and improvements, until it was a common saying that this stone proved that "the priests of Egypt were carving astronomy on their pyramids ten thousand years before Adam was born."

It did not shake their credulity in the least, that no two of their wise men were agreed, by some thousands of years, how old the stone was—that no one even knew the first principles of the Egyptian system of astronomy, and that none of them could read the hieroglyphics.

But, in 1832, the curious Egyptian astronomy was studied and it then appeared that this object, which had caused so much commotion, was simply a calendar stone to aid in the measurement of time; and that the positions of the sun, moon and stars were so placed to enable common observers to ascertain the beginning of the year. At length by means of the Rosetta Stone—which furnished a key to these hieroglyphics—Champollion, and others, learned to read the inscriptions on Egyptian monuments. It was then discovered that the names of Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, were engraved on the stone, as well as the names of the Roman emperors Tiberius, Claudius, Nero and Domitian. The inscriptions revealed the fact that they had no reference to early Egyptian history. The edifice in which this wonderful (?) stone was found was simply a heathen Roman temple, built between the 11th and 81st years of the Christian era.

Even at the present time, in the very noon-day of modern science and so-called civilization, astrologers, mediums, clair-

voyants and fortune-tellers by the hundred find a profitable business among those who consider themselves too learned, wise and progressive to believe in the word of God. One infidel lecturer even advertises that he will reveal to you the secrets of the future and cure you of whatever disease you may have, if you will only enclose in a letter a few hairs taken from your right temple and—and—a—ten dollar bill. Concerning the future life, infidels have every variety of oracles, and conjectures, and suppositions; but for their guesses they have no proof. The only thing upon which they seem agreed is in denying the resurrection of the body. According to their ideas, a poor, naked, shivering, table-rapping spirit, obliged to fly over the world, at the sigh of any brainless, silly sentimental girl, or the bidding of some brazen-faced strumpet, is all that ever shall exist of all the great and good men and women that have lived upon the earth.

To such wild unreason does the mind of man descend when it rejects the gospel, for only through it life and immortality are brought to light. A year or two since the leader of American infidels, Robert Ingersol, was called to deliver a funeral oration over the body of his brother. In that short discourse there were many beautiful sentiments; but through it all, as through a transparent glass, was shown the need, which even Ingersol felt, of divine revelation and divine guidance.

## Chapter for the Little Ones.

### GOOD FOR EVIL.

"He shall repent of it! if I die for it—he shall!" passionately exclaimed Philip, as he wiped the blood from his face, after a fight in which he had had the worst.

"I'll make him repent it!"

"Why, what is the matter?" said his aged grandfather, who, attracted by the noise of the quarrel, had, unperceived, approached the angry boy.

"Look what he has done!" cried Philip, pointing to a beautiful model of a ship, which lay crushed and destroyed in the mud. "It has been my work for a month past; I had just finished it; and see—" The poor boy could not finish his sentence; grief and passion choked his voice; but again he muttered between his teeth, "I'll make him repent it!"

"But why did he spoil your model?"

"Oh, he is full of spite and malice—he always was. We hate one another. He trampled on my ship, so of course I struck him, and we fought, and he was the stronger. But I'll have my revenge yet!"

"Come into the house," said the old man quietly, "and let us examine your hurts."



As soon as this was done, and the boy's head bound up, his grandfather laid his hand on the shoulder of Philip, and with a grave look began:

"I see that your face is not very much hurt; now I must look to a more serious wound."

"What do you mean?" said the boy.

"Must I remind you, that 'if any have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His,' (*Rom. viii.*, 9). And 'the fruit of the spirit is love.....peace.....gentleness..... meekness,'" (*Gal. v.*, 22, 23).

"Oh, one can't put up with everything! I don't hate those who don't hate me, nor harm those who don't insult me; but I want justice, nothing but justice!"

"If you receive nothing but justice my boy, a terrible portion will be yours. For my part, I have learned to ask *mercy*; without it, I could never reach heaven, nor escape hell."

"You mean mercy from God: I know that we all need that," said Philip; "but that has nothing to do with my quarrel with Ben."

"It has much to do with it," replied the old man; "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven," (*Luke vi.*, 37).

Philip made no reply, and his grandfather continued: "This is the real state of the case, my boy. You have broken God's laws many times in your life, by deeds, or words, or thoughts. Justice has sentenced you to suffer for it; but the very God against whom you have sinned has had mercy upon you. He has sent His Son to die for you, 'the Just One for the unjust,' and now he says to you, and to all who hope for life through His death: 'Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'" (*Eph. iv.*, 32).

"It is a very difficult thing to do," said Philip, thoughtfully.

"It is a thing which *must be done*, and if you are Christ's, *will be done*," replied his grandfather; "for what said the Lord Himself? 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses,' (*Matt. vi.*, 15). Think over these words, pray over them; and tell me how you feel on the subject to-morrow."

(*To be continued.*)

## THE PICTURE.

"SHAN'T go a step farther!"

"Only just a little way—we shall soon be home now, and mother's waiting."

"I don't care. I've made up my mind that I've walked too far already, and I'm just going to sit down and rest; they must wait, and I shall do as I choose."

"But father——"

"Now don't you talk to me about 'buts,' Charlie, because I won't have it. I shall sit down here, and you can go and tell your mother not to wait—not to wait," the man repeated, raising his voice with the stupid anger of intoxication.

Still, in spite of threat and refusal, the child persisted in pleading that his father should go home; but his words only seemed to strengthen the man's obstinacy, and all the boy could do was to get his father to turn aside from the high road into the field close by, where the man threw himself at full length on the grass, somewhat under the shade of the hedge, and in a few minutes he was sleeping heavily, while the child sat down at a little distance, with a strange kind of unchildish patience on his features, to wait until his father should waken. Poor little Charlie! he knew too well how useless any attempt on his part would be to rouse his father from that sort of a sleep.

Rather more than a half an hour had passed in this dreary waiting, and Charlie was beginning to find all his small sources of amusement fail him. He had watched a large bee that kept hovering over the convolvulus blossoms in the hedge, and, wondered if he had not nearly finished his day's work; he had placed a snail out of harm's way, and had been tempted to chase a beautifully painted butterfly that flitted past him; but he began at last to lose his interest in bees and butterflies, for it was now tea-time, and Charlie was now growing terribly hungry. Still he did not think of deserting his post, for no one but the child himself knew how often he had kept his tipsy father off the country road when carts or carriages were coming along, nor how he had managed to guide him in safety over the narrow bridge that led across the river to their cottage.

So Charlie sat there quietly, though he was growing more tired and hungry every moment, until the sound of a whistle at a little distance attracted his attention, the sound gradually coming nearer and sounding more distinct, until a young man jumped over the stile at the end of the field and approached the child, who then knew him to be a gentleman he had often met during the last few weeks, sometimes sketching, sometimes wandering about with his knapsack on his back and his portfolio under his arm. Indeed a kind of half acquaintance had sprung up between the young artist and Charlie—one attracted by the glimpses he had caught of the pictures contained in the wonderful portfolio, the other by the child's wistful glances and his rustic beauty.

Busy with his own thoughts, and judging from his happy face they were very pleasant ones—perhaps dreams of the time when some wonderful picture of his should hang on the walls of the academy, and by so doing help him on the road to fame and fortune—Eustace Carroll had half crossed the field before he noticed Charlie and his father. Then his quick eyes told him the meaning of the little scene; the quiet, weary-looking child and the sleeping father, with his untidy clothes, and collar and necktie unfastened, and his face turned up to the blue sky that looked down upon nothing so debased as this man, whom God had made "a little lower than the

LABOR.—Labor is become necessary to us, not only because we need it for making provisions for our life, but even to ease the labor of our rest, there being no greater tediousness of spirit in the world than want of employment and an inactive life.

angels," and who, by his own vice, had thus degraded himself.

With the quick instinct of childhood, Charlie understood the look of disgust with which the young artist turned to him, saying kindly as he did so:

"You are waiting to take your father home, I suppose?"

"Yes sir," replied the child, while a flush of shame spread over his face.

"Well, I think he is likely to lie there for hours yet. Can't you leave him?"

"No sir, he might be run over or fall into the river if I left him to come home by himself."

"Oh!" said Eustace, as he glanced towards the sleeping man, and wondered if it would be much loss to any one if he did fall into the river; but he checked the thought, remembering that he, with his refined tastes, and many kinds of amusement, could form no idea of the temptation which drink might have for this man, with his smaller advantages of fortune and education; and then an idea flashed across his mind, and he determined to act upon it.

"Have you had your tea, boy?" he asked as he unstrapped his knapsack, and took out a small parcel wrapped in paper.

"Mother will be sure to keep it for me until I get home, sir," replied Charlie, too brave to complain to a stranger.

"That's all right," said Eustace, understanding and respecting the feeling that dictated the answer: "Meanwhile, I shall give you this piece of cake, just to pass the time away. When I was a small boy, stray pieces of cake never prevented me eating my meals when they came, so your mother's tea will not be wasted. Now you sit still for I am going to make a picture, and when it is finished I will show it to you."

Very few dainties fell to Charlie's share in those days, and Eustace was highly amused at the manner in which he ate his cake, nibbling it off around the edge so as to make it last as long as possible; and he succeeded so well that the picture was finished almost at the same time as the last currant disappeared.

"Well, was it good?" asked Eustace, as he tied his portfolio.

"Yes; mother does not put currants in her cakes. Sometimes on our birthdays, when father has not been out, we have a cake; but then we have no seeds in it."

"And those are not so nice?"

"Oh no, sir, of course not!" answered Charlie, surprised that any one should ask such a question.

"Well, I am glad you like it; I am going back to the city in a day or two, but I shall put another piece of cake in my knapsack in case I meet you again before I go. Look here; do you know who this is?"

Charlie glanced at the little picture Eustace held out to him, and then he gave a scream of surprise.

"Why, it's me and father!"

And so it was; and even though Eustace should live to be an old man, he will never succeed in making anything more true to nature than that hurried sketch. He had just caught the tired, wistful look on the child's face, and it was all the more striking as it was brought into such contrast with the vacant countenance of the tipsy sleeper who looked so thoroughly out of place beside the child, and the pleasant green background of the hedge, where the convolvulus blossoms mingled with the wild rose and blackberry flowers. "Wait a moment," said Eustace, and then he wrote at the bottom of the sketch three lines from a poem of Burns:

"O wad some power the gifte gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us,  
It wad fare many a trouble free us."

"There," he continued, putting the picture in the child's hands. "You shall have that, and if you like to show it to your father one of these days, do so; it may teach him a lesson." And, before the child could make any reply, Eustace was off and away, tramping along the high road.

Five years had passed before the young artist had the time and chance to visit the quiet village again. In those five years he had done good work—had thought, worked and painted, until people had begun to believe in him, and talked of him as one of the most promising painters of the day.

Still, in the midst of it all, he often remembered his little sketch, and wondered—without much hope in the wonder, though—whether his idea that it might do good had come to pass; and on the day he traveled down to Mortson, the memory of the scene came clearly before him with the thought of the grand old words—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"Such a poor little crumb of good though it was," said Eustace to himself, still I wonder—I wonder—and I'll try to find it out, too."

And as it happened, Eustace did find it out more quickly than he expected, for that very evening, as he was returning from a walk, in the course of which he had visited some of his old haunts, there passed him on the road a man and a handsome boy of about thirteen.

"My little friend and his father," suddenly thought Eustace whose quick artist eye seldom forgot a face or figure, and he quickened his pace in order to keep within short distance of the boy.

So the three went on, passed the corner of the field where the sketch had been taken, down the road and across the narrow bridge, till the man and boy reached a little cottage, the small front garden of which was gay with bright-colored old-fashioned flowers.

"That looks promising," thought Eustace; "no drunkard ever had a garden like that;" and, determined to ascertain the facts of the case, he went up to the door with the intention of asking the nearest way to the next village.

Through the open door he caught a glimpse of the neatly kept cottage kitchen, as Charlie came forward to answer the stranger's question; but before half the turns in the road had been described, a bright smile broke over the boy's face, and, half turning around, he exclaimed:

"Father it's my painter!" and, to his surprise, Eustace found that in that household, at least, he was a hero; and the young artist never felt more reverence for his art than he did as he listened to the account of the good his picture had done.

For some time Charlie had kept the sketch, and had been afraid to show it to his father, but the man found it by chance one day, and "It was more than I could stand, sir," he said, addressing Eustace. "I did not need any one to tell me what it meant, but although I wondered where it came from, I was ashamed to ask. Somehow I could not get the picture out of my head. I even used to dream of it at night until it fairly worried me, so that I gave up the drink; and I had the picture hung up there, that I might not have a chance of forgetting what I dragged myself down to once."

In his heart Eustace Carroll is prouder of that little sketch, hanging in its common black frame over the mantelpiece of the country cottage, than he would be if he should paint a

picture that would make his name famous throughout his life.

*Selected.*

## LET THERE BE NO DESPAIR!

WEARIED was I—oh so wearied, with vain struggles, with toil unrecompensed! Day after day, week after week, I plodded on—no success rewarding my persistent efforts—nothing but ever-recurring disappointments. Driven to hopelessness, I finally renounced my strife for knowledge, for fame, for position, and sought the country home of my childhood: then, with the ambitious aspirations of my being crushed to earth, I determined to cease the attempted exercise of those talents which either I did not possess or the heartless world was too niggardly to appreciate.

While I was thus aimlessly existing, time glided by until grim Winter yielded his rule to joyous Spring; and with the lengthened, happy days, flowers put forth their delicate blossoms, the grand, old orchard and forest trees awoke from their long slumber, and the feathered denizens of the air returned from exile and made the welkin ring with their manifold warblings as they commenced the task of building homes, under the house eaves, and in the woods and meadows.

My wounded spirit was soothed by a communion with nature, and, despite my cynical resolutions, I became interested in the events of the little world around me. Especially did I view and speculate on the labors of one little swallow, that, apparently in no awe of man, essayed to build her nest under the protecting eave of the old granary. Flight after flight she made to the banks of the gurgling brook and returned with her tiny freight of damp soil. Dart after dart she made at the great hay stack and each time brought back, tightly held in her dainty beak, a spear of hay or a tuft of moss. With unerring instinct she fashioned and lined her cunning nest until at length the frail structure was finished, and with flutter and twitter, she darted in and out, around and about in an ecstasy of joy.

"Ah, foolish, unbounded faith," thought I, "little does she know that an evil genius is ever near to mar or destroy the result of earnest effort. Before to-morrow's sun shall rise, a stray stone, a fierce wind may dash her fabric to the earth."

Lo, when the morning dawned, I found the evil prophecy fulfilled! There beneath its former site, lay the nest, now a little heap of shapeless dirt, mingled with twisted straw and a few soft feathers, which the patient builder had plucked from her own bosom to deck her home's interior, and to tempt her future mate. Vainly I sought among the ruins and near the scene of the occurrence for the toiler—she was to be seen nowhere. "Unfortunate little creature," said I, "disheartened by the catastrophe, she has flitted away, even as did I, to escape the presence of her failure. It is ever so! The labor of a week—a month is shattered by defeat even at the moment of fancied completion. We build earthly houses of sordid clay and dreamy castles of intangible air; but when the morning comes and we rouse to their enjoyment, they are vanished or lie at our feet, their beauty gone, or crushed into formless, hideous ruin." But even as a rebuke to my doubting words, with amazed eyes I beheld the little swallow winging her way towards the granary eave, and cheerfully bearing her load of earth. Seeing her evident distress at my presence, I withdrew and at a distance watched the rebuilding, with many reflections. Scarcely a day had elapsed before I saw that she had

an assistant, and then I knew that her companion had come. In great wonderment I watched the indomitable little pair as they battled against fate, and soon, to my admiring gaze was displayed a completed nest, precisely like the first one in shape and position.

Again I thought, "Oh, trust beyond comparison, to brave once more the danger of destruction to your home!"

Before the week had past some cruel hand tore the little nest from its place.

"Now, now the courageous spirit must yield!" But no; by the approach of evening the labor was again begun.

Then I cried, "This is not trust or faith: it is stubbornness—blind, unreasoning stubbornness! Little birds, you never can succeed. Yet even if you should the object of your toil is lost. 'Tis too late for you to build your mansion and raise your young before Winter will drive you to a southern clime!"

For weeks and weeks I lay ill—and when at length I rise and creep from the house out into the brilliant sunlight, it is no longer Spring, nor even Summer, but golden Autumn. At last the day comes when I can wander down the narrow path, beneath the overhanging boughs of loaded trees, as far as the granary—and thither I take my way. As I totter feebly down the old, old path, I think how fruitless my life has been! how by harsh fate my efforts to achieve success have been blasted! and as I walk the remembrance of the like vain efforts of the poor swallows comes upon me, and I wonder why I have failed again and again? why the innocent birds have failed again and again?

Pondering thus I reach the granary, expecting to find the same token of destruction as before; but instead, to my astonishment, I behold the familiar swallows flitting about in the greatest excitement! There, too, I see their abode perfect and unharmed! But what are these three little creatures that drop timidly over the edge of the nest one after the other? They are the young swallows just taking their first lesson in flying!

Like a vivid flash of light the realization of a great truth burst upon me, and as I bow my head in an agony of recollection, stealing among the trees, murmuring through the air, the echo of an immortal voice seems to sound upon my ear, "Oh, man, have faith in God and labor to the end!"

KENNON.

BEE-HUNTING BY THE NATIVES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.—Having seen a bee alight on any twig or leaf, the black takes a little bit of the finest down of a feather, and rolling it up between his fingers at one end, cautiously steals upon the bee, and dexterously places the down upon its back, to which the honey makes it adhere. Away soars the bee at once, high into the air, and away soars the savage's eye after it, his head being thrown back, and his whole gaze concentrated upon that one speck in the sky. As the bee advances, the black keeps as nearly under him as possible, careering along at full speed, stumbling over boughs and bushes, leaping over bogs and holes, and heedless of scratches or bruises, and everything else but the speck of white down which is guiding him to the lofty gumtree, in the topmost of which lies his dinner for that day. Having traced the bee to his retreat, he procures a quantity of clean string bark, which he tears up into a mass resembling the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk when torn. This is to place the honey upon. He then cuts his way up the tree where the hive is, feasts on it himself, and takes the remainder down in the stringy bark, which he afterwards sucks, so that nothing may be lost.

## ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED.\*

MUSIC BY A. C. SMYTH.

Zi - on stands with hills surrounded— Zi - on kept by power di - vine; All her foes shall be confounded,

Though the world in arms combine. Hap - py Zi - on, Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!

Every human tie may perish,  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove,  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish,  
 Heaven and earth at last remove;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
 But can never cease to love thee,  
 Thou art precious in His sight;  
 God is with thee—  
 Thou shalt triumph in His might.

\*—Awarded 3rd Prize in Class E, by the Deseret Sunday School Union.

## PROCRASTINATION.

BY WM. CLEGG.

Never put off till to-morrow  
 What ought to be done to-day,  
 Or you may find to your sorrow  
 Your chances have passed away.  
 Each day has a plentiful share  
 Of duties and work to do  
 Without any burden to bear  
 Properly yesterday's due.  
 Much trouble might be prevented  
 Were we only wise in time:  
 If we used each chance presented  
 Our advance might be sublime.  
 But many a bitter lament  
 Tortures the indolent soul  
 In remembering hours misspent  
 That we can no more control.  
 Yet no benefit can accrue  
 From weeping o'er foolish acts;  
 It can never lost time renew  
 Or alter existing facts.  
 Better resolve in every case,  
 By help divine, to amend  
 In the future—by God's grace,  
 Your days to advantage spend.  
 First be certain what duty demands

Your faithful and earnest care,  
 Then with prompt and diligent hands  
 Every opposition dare.  
 Yes, make use of each precious hour,  
 As the golden links extend.  
 Each is but once in your power,  
 Make it answer some good end;  
 Then your pleasing reward will be,  
 If you wisely act your part,  
 That great progression you will see,  
 And sweet peace will fill your heart.

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